

# 2PAC + OUTLAWS



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

STILL I RISE

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Letter To The President"

(feat. Big Syke)

[E.D.I. (2Pac):]

Uh, dear Mr. President. What's happenin'?

I'm writin' you because

Shit is still real fucked up in my neighborhood

Pretty much the same way

Right around the time when you got elected...

Ain't nothin' changed. All the promises you made, before you got elected... they ain't came true

(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)

(Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President)

Me and my homies is wonderin' what's goin' on... holla!

(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)

(Send mo' troops...)

[2Pac:]

Why should I lie when I can dramatize?

Niggas fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized

Simply by spittin' I've been blessed given riches

Enemies suspicious cuz I'm seldom in the company of bitches

Plus the concepts I depict so visual that you can kiss

Each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick

My heaviest verse'll move a mountain

Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin'

Fuck the friendships, I ride alone

Destination: Death Row – finally found a home

Plus all my homies wanna die; call it euthanasia

Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us

Sincerely yours, I'm a thug, the product of a broken home

Everybody's doped up, nigga, what you smokin' on?

Figure if we high they can train us

But then America fucked up and blamed us

I guess it's cause we black that we targets

My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit

In case you don't know I let my pump go

Get it ride for Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo

Down to die for everything I represent

Meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Oh you's a baller in the White House, I hope you comfortable

Cause yo', I spend my nights out, with the lights out

Under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and the heartless

And young soul bros, ready to rode a starship

[?], leave a nigga flat for scratch

The Godless, I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that  
Wanna ban rap? - Stand back, before you get hurt  
It's the only thing nigga pay the paper besides smoke and work  
On a mission, listen [?] with precision  
First made my decision, I realized this ain't livin'  
Trippin' to drastic measures, tryin' to get stacks of cheddar  
Motherfuckers hate cops, wait, it ain't gettin' better  
But you keep tellin' us that it is  
While your motherfuckin' troops keep killin' our kids  
Dig, don't be surprised if you see us  
Dumpin' with nothing but artillery to free us, motherfucker

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

Dear Mr. President, tell us what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

*[Kastro:]*

Strapped and angry, with no hope, and heart-broke  
Fightin' first my trained brain until it's not so  
It's hostile, niggas lick shots to watch the Glocks glow  
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals  
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets  
To people beefin' and things squeakin' on they beefs for weeks  
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care  
For a struggler out the gutter, 22 with gray hair  
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale  
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail  
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share  
'Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here  
Me and these 223's will freeze the biggest with ease  
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees  
And I've been born to represent, for that I've been heaven-sent  
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

Shit is still fucked up, y'all. And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better, and it ain't gon' get better

*[2Pac:]*

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up...

*[2Pac:]*

Heavenly Father, may I holla at you briefly?  
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?  
Is he scared to look inside the eyes of a thug nigga?  
We tired of being scapegoats for this capitalistic drug dealin'  
How hypocritical is Liberty?  
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me  
My history full of casket and scars  
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars  
And they wonder why we scarred, 13 lookin' hard  
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?

Somewhere in the middle of my mind  
Is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin', "Let him die!"  
Can't lie, I'm a thug, drownin' in my own blood  
Lookin' for the reason that my momma's strung out on drugs  
Down to die for everything I represent  
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[Big Syke:]  
Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin' low?  
Y'all sniffin' blow and postin' what they hittin' fo'?  
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid  
Look what you made, little kids gettin' sprayed  
Day after day, and night after night  
Battles and wars to the daylight  
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin'  
'Til then we gonna keep it comin', Mr. President  
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]  
Word motherfuckin' life, what the fuck this nigga think?  
Cuttin' taxes, takin' off welfare  
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin'?!  
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin' scout  
Nigga, this Thug Life, Westside, Outlaw Immortalz  
Nigga, we finna hustle 'til we come up

[2Pac:]  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[2Pac:]  
Dear Mr. Clinton, shit (send mo' troops)... it's gettin' harder and harder for a motherfucker to make a dollar in  
these here streets  
I mean shit (send mo' troops), I hear you screamin' peace  
But we can't find peace  
'Til my little niggas on these streets get a piece (send mo' troops)  
I know you fear me cause you too near me not to hear me  
So why don't you help a nigga out? (send mo' troops)  
Sayin' you cuttin' welfare  
That got us niggas on the street, thinkin' who in the hell care? (send mo' troops)  
Shit, y'all want us to put down our Glocks and our rocks  
But y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin' dollars (send mo' troops)  
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool? (send mo' troops)  
We ain't stupid, think you got us lookin' to lose  
Tryin' to turn all us young niggas into troops (send mo' troops)  
You want us to fight your war, what the fuck I'm fightin' for? (send mo' troops)  
Shit, I ain't got no love here  
I ain't had a check all year, taxin' all the blacks (send mo' troops)  
Police beatin' me in the streets... fuck peace!  
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops..troops..troops..troops!

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Still I Rise"

(feat. Ta'He)

[Kastro]

Dear Lord, as we down here, struggle for as long as we know  
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)  
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go, the only place for us  
I know, try to make the best of bad situations  
Seems to be my life's story  
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain  
And can't nobody live this life for me  
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

[2Pac]

Somebody wake me, I'm dreamin'  
I started as a seed, the semen  
Swimmin' upstream, planted in the womb while screamin'  
On the top was my pops, my mama screamin' stop  
From a single drop, this is what they got  
Not to disrespect my peoples, but my papa was a loser  
Only plan he had for mama was to fuck her and abuse her  
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me  
Stranded on welfare, another broken family  
Now what was I to be? A product of this heated passion  
Mama got pregnant and papa got a piece of ass  
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me  
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me  
How can I survive? Got me askin' white Jesus  
"Will a nigga live or die?" cause the Lord can't see us  
In the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine  
No sunny days and we only play sometimes  
When everybody's sleepin'  
I open my window, jump to the streets and get to creepin'  
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone  
I'm only 19, I'm tryna hustle on my own  
On the spot where everybody and they pops tryna slang rocks  
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops  
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn  
You can buy rocks, Glocks or a herringbone  
You can ask my man, he's a mind reader  
Keep my 9 heater all the time, this is how we grind  
Meet up at the cemetery then get smoked out  
Pass the weed, nigga! That Hennessey'll keep me keyed, nigga  
Everywhere I go niggas holla at me, "Keep it real, G"  
And my reply 'til they kill me: "Act up if you feel me!"  
I was born not to make it, but I did  
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

[Ta'He]

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

*[Yaki Kadafi]*

I stay sharp as always  
Runnin' your bricks with blitz, through your project hallways  
Dumpin' crews like two's, nigga, all day  
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst  
A life that's lavish, full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse  
But now my dreams, it seems though  
Be placin' triple beams and things, bro  
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin' out my jeans

*[Napoleon]*

Now I plan to keep my Glock cocked  
If trouble was searchin' for me, then why not?  
Show 'em what I'm made of, plus raised on, on my block  
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street  
Thugs snatchin' bags, we out for power, makin' cash  
It wasn't fast, it'll make me mad, I'm just like him  
My homie on the corner with his gat tucked in  
Youngins, they buckin' somethin'  
The life he lead's the life he don't need, don't we all know?  
He tryin' to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

*[Young Noble]*

Dreams of lost hope  
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke  
And still I rise, now I float, cowards ghost  
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin' down  
Clutchin' a pound, live as sirens, duckin' the sound  
I used to hustle with my moms 'til the sun came  
My homie Harm doin' time from this drug game  
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw  
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars  
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block  
Crackheads only 10 learn to duck cops

*[Yaki Kadafi]*

In '96 my Glock's my plastic, passion for blastin' bastards  
No faces for open caskets, peelin' your cap backwards  
You cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice  
I send my missiles through your mattress  
Leavin' holes in your body like a cactus  
While me and my crew be boppin' more greens than topic  
And loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin' jeans poppin'  
Leavin' your spleen to pick up  
Half of you niggas is softer than a Snicker  
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker  
And still I rise, and still I rise...

*[Ta'He]*

Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry  
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)  
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

Y'all niggas fake, all day everyday  
So now I got roller blades, bitch

Thought you knew  
Your mouth is rich  
C'mon pops, let's go!

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to ice\_dursu, JG for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Secretz Of War"

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[E.D.I. Amin:]

War time, war time, it's either yours or mine  
Outlawz be on the grind and a mission to shine  
And ride on 'em, leave 'em stuck and fucked from the gate  
Set it straight, regulate, with a bomb I'm about to detonate  
Boom! Hesitate? Aww, now you know what  
Ya'll niggas were here to go if you know it was good for ya  
Bunch of toy soldiers all dressed in fatigue  
But I'm E.D.I. Amin on a mission to make 'em bleed  
Nigga what? Nigga who? It was cool? And at you?  
What the fuck is you gonna do? Barbecue and boo-hoo  
Ride or die, get money, all at the same time  
Split the pie with the homie, ball at the same time  
Any nigga slippin', fall at the same time  
We all links in the chain, tryin' to gain, do time  
We all see the sunshine, but when you could do yours  
We'll bring these motherfuckers war

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac:]

As I approach the scene  
From smokin' green got my eyes closed  
Niggas so cold on my foes, I make 'em die froze  
Watch me make 'em bleed, makin' G's, Lord, help me with it  
Got me paintin' pictures of a meal ticket, help me get it  
See me and pray for options, but the pressures nonstop  
Niggas get the pistol poppin' and watch his body drop  
I'm a lethal threat, watch me hit your set, flash on  
Blast on them bitch-made niggas with my mask on  
Do it for profit, plus I'm lookin' for punks to bust on  
If you ain't screamin' "Westside!" you can get the fuck on  
I'm seein' demons, hittin' weed, got me hearin' screamin'  
Scared to go to sleep, watch the scene like a dope fiend  
Probably be punished for it, though you can't ignore it  
I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it  
Niggas pass the clip and watch me bring 'em to the floor  
Got some shit that they ain't ready for: I got the secrets of war

[E.D.I. Amin:]

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

*[Yaki Kadafi:]*

We do this thug life shit, like 4, 5, 6, stick 'em  
Down with no rounds left up in the pound when the sounds  
Squeeze the lead off, I blow his motherfuckin' head off  
Signal all the other outlawz to get this shit set off  
Yaki Kadafi, it ain't a cop here to stop me  
These streets is black hockey and raw, we get sloppy  
Put a pamper on your silly ass prestyle grammar, locked in the slammer, while I'm laid cocked back like a hammer  
Ya'll newly weds that in honey moons, times 'bout up, y'all  
That means I leave no trace found with you face, bounce stuck  
Your pig scanners can't come close touch or even hit me  
Doin' my dirt, puttin' in work, you see shit, what you gon' do?

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

*[Young Noble:]*

Check the murder rate percentage, niggas is finished  
Get blood checks from clinics, this thug shit is in us  
Flowin' through my system, you a victim  
Blunts, I twist 'em. Fuck the whole world, it's us against them  
You got some heat? Pull it out, cock the hammer if you with it  
Don't make no difference here with the 25-to-life sentence  
We already doin' life on the streets  
Like Al G., niggas be heated when they walkin' the beat  
This shit is flaky, makin' backs shaky, niggas hate me  
Scared to face me, knowin' that the Outlawz blaze me  
Pull me up on game, put me up on a hustle  
Once I suck my money muscle, all the G's got devils  
Movin' shit like a dollar, beatin' niggas like Rodney  
Turn a killer like Kadafi, and a nuke stream to stop me

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
Man it's as simple as that for me and my niggas  
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us  
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

*[2Pac (E.D.I.):]*

(Bring it on), and all you lil' young ass soldiers  
You play this shit back about 15 times (talk about it)  
You'll have enough game to roll up in a club or somethin' (e'ry body tough)  
Teach these bitches a lil' somethin'  
You know what I mean? Secrets of muthafuckin' war...

Writer(s): Washington, Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Johnny Lee Jackson, Bruce

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Baby Don't Cry (Keep Ya Head Up II)"

(feat. H.E.A.T.)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

I feel you (uh), baby don't  
But you can't, you can't give up  
H.E.A.T., 2Pac with Outlawz!

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (Outlawz)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (Keep ya head up)

[2Pac:]

Now here's a story 'bout a woman with dreams  
So picture perfect at 13, an ebony queen  
Beneath the surface it was more than just a crooked smile  
Nobody knew about her secret so it took a while  
I could see a tear fall slow down her black cheek  
Sheddin' quiet tears in the back seat; so when she asked me  
"What would you do if it was you?"

Couldn't answer such a horrible pain to live through  
I tried to trade places in the tragedy  
I couldn't picture three crazed niggas grabbin' me  
For just a moment I was trapped in the pain  
Lord, come and take me  
Four niggas violated, they chased and they raped me  
Even though it wasn't me, I could feel the grief  
Thinkin' with your brains blown that would make the pain go  
No! You got to find a way to survive  
'Cause they win when your soul dies

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

Baby please don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got yo' head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry...

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Forget him, girl, he ain't gon' never change  
I ain't no hater but that nigga lost in the game  
After the bright lights and big thangs  
He probably could love you, but he in love with the struggle  
Everyday, his mind on gettin' mo'  
And never your feelings, he's chasin' millions for sho'

Uh oh, now you 'bout to have his baby?  
Another wild-ass nigga that's gon' drive you crazy  
You got too much mo' livin' to do – I'm spittin' this to you  
'Cause you deserve more than what he givin' to you  
Beautiful, black, precious, and complicated  
A new millennium dime piece, so fine she  
Got 'em all stuck standin' still when she come through  
Baby, take a little mo' time, love'll find you  
And sho' as the sky's blue somebody other than me  
Gon' give you everythin' you need, feel me? (Don't cry-ah...)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (you'll be alright)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no... oh)  
Baby don't cry...

[Young Noble:]

I'm tryin' to do all that I can  
From jump, now you losin', you was choosin' the wrong man  
Dealt the wrong hand, you was young and beautiful  
Lost and turned out, what you let that nigga do to you?  
I knew her since elementary, she blew a kiss to me  
Wrote me a note in crayon, wantin' to get with me  
We was kids, now she got three kids  
They see their father e'ryday, and they don't know who he is  
Seen him last night, homie roll a E-class  
Mad cheese in the stash, still a deadbeat dad  
I bring her Pampers and food, just to stop through  
But those ain't my seeds, nothin' really I could do  
I feel pity for you, you ain't even his wife  
Seventeen with three kids, locked down for life  
Should've chose me, she 'bout to OD from the pressure  
Hell nah, I won't let her (BABY..)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]

(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)

Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no.. oh)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry!  
(you'll be right)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up  
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)  
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)  
Even when the road is hard, never give up!  
Baby don't cry

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*  
For all the ladies (Soulshock, Karlin)  
Baby don't cry! Got to keep your head up  
(Keep your head up)  
Makaveli lives on (head up) aight?

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to ashley for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "As The World Turns"

[2Pac:]

As the world turns...

As the world turns my niggas grow and grow and grow  
And get dough and roll and ride  
Niggas die and mommas cry  
Niggas got alibis and suicides and homicides  
And three strikes and yo' life and my life and times change  
And niggas fame, as the world turns...

[2Pac:]

Though I walk through the valley of Hell the shadow follows me. Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow, expect  
apologies

You probably panic, stranded in search of a better planet  
Realism hard to understand, we stand slanted  
And still stranded. Merciless thieves stole the best of me  
I pray to black Jesus to please take the rest of me  
And still, the best of us build and reach monetary gains  
Some of us kill, but still, most of us can change  
If we search deeper  
God bless the hustler, curse the first sleeper  
Enemies get beside me, flows go deep as Poseidon  
When we ride, plots keep all my enemies blinded  
Time will soon show, a thought can last for years  
Outshinin' your fake smiles, plastic tears  
Like last year, niggas stuck in the past, and it's clear  
Just some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year  
Makaveli for the mob, M.O.B  
Killin' busters is my motherfuckin' job, him or me  
Lyrically fatally driven, niggas reported missin'  
My competition dead or in prison, as the world turns...

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]

As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns, and steady turnin'  
(Turns, turns, turns, turns and turns  
My niggas grow and grow and grow  
And gettin' dough and dough and dough  
From this state to that state  
From this cell to that cell, as the world turns)

[Young Noble:]

As the world turn, burnin' paths, starin' through my rearview  
It's a war goin' on, and the President is here too  
I hear 2Pac sayin', "Watch 'em, they'll kill you."  
Sippin Thug Passion, scrub actin' like he feel you  
Steady plottin', ready or not; Outlawz lost but not forgotten  
From Gittere to Compton, a spitter of the hotness  
Long time, since like six I ain't never been rich  
I need cream to buy Ellene a dream house  
She no longer fiend out y'all, Outlaw!

*[Napoleon:]*

Another lonely nigga with a 12-gauge pump, with a 12-hour rush to run and get this money, fuck these punks!

Road rules, I swim in the dirt, I stay in some skirt

I hit where it hurts, I ride or die for my turf

I ride or die for Makaveli, the legendary war thug nigga

Kadafi better unslug this nigga, Seike betta undrug this nigga

Out of the buildin', we street children with no souls

Our hearts gon' stay cold, the war gon' stay on

We serve 'em, like 'Pac told us to, catch 'em wreck with the TEC

Hit 'em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to

Napoleon: the front line soldier, front times over

Rider for the mighty dollar, rather drunk than sober

Nigga talkin' thug walkin' all through yo' squad

Y'all niggas scared by a dog, I got my 44 for y'all

It's like a hot-heated day, homie

Warfare, don't play, homie, better be prepared

Then try to duck away from these strays, homie

Worlds turn, things burn, all in one shot. Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers, all that we got, as the world turns...

*[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]*

As the world keeps turnin' round and round

(And my niggas roll and ride, hahaha)

It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'

(Niggas gettin' swell out, and it don't stop and it don't quit

That real shit!) (real shit)

As the world keeps turnin' round and round

(How many you niggas try for this? )

It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns (as the world turns)

(Murderin' methods.. haha, OUTLAW!)

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*

Only haters caught feelings when my homie caught millions

And acquired the desired status of boss livin'

We cross driven, cornered into a life that's hellish

Payin' our dues with bloodshed, ain't shit y'all could tell us

Fellas – mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now

Two worlds collidin', armies ridin', soldiers gone wild

Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth

I sought too for family, but I got it lost in these ounces

Now, as the world turns court adjourns, I'm sentenced to burn

The cost of my sins too much, nothin' left to earn

*[Kadafi:]*

October 9th 1977 first day out my baby carriage

Married my MAC-11 hit the block playin'

Only five years up in this bitch, papa runnin' from the feds

Puttin' peanut butter on the walls to hide his prints

Me on my own, not yet grown, but only man of the home

To protect my zone in these streets I roam

Dough on d-low, downin' straight shots of Cristal Brothers

100 dollar snot box on cee-lo, fuck eighth

I need a kilo, got a plot, move my block down state

Got the drop on the spot, movin' pounds of weight

Fuck my fate and lots of loot to burn, a hustler's yearn

For this dirty money earned as this crooked world turns

*[Overlapped — Darryl 'Big D' Harper:]*  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns... and steady turnin'  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round  
As the world keeps turnin' round and round

*[2Pac & Napolean:]*  
Hahaha... as the world turns...  
And turns and turns and turns... haha. This for the soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle  
Hopin' to bubble, keep on hustlin', as the world turns  
Money come and go, hoes come and go, foes come and go, friends come and go... my soldiers stay eternal  
Outlaw Immortalz, dedicated  
I send this to black Jesus, only he can feed us  
When you need us, as the world turns  
Throw this shit in the deck, hahah  
Niggas gettin chin checked  
From the East to the West, best to wear a vest  
Nigga we ain't the ones to test, fuck you!  
As the world turns... Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us  
Camillion, wanna make a million  
Haha legit, as the world turns, haha... burn, baby, burn  
  
(A lot of niggas get burned as the world turns  
A lot of niggas gettin' burned as the world turns  
Gettin' burned as the world turns)

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell, Fula Yafeu A, Washington Bruce

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Black Jesuz"

(feat. Val Young, Storm)

[2Pac (Kadafi):]

Searchin' for Black Jesus  
Oh yeah, sportin' jewels and shit, yaknahmean?  
You can be Christian  
Straight tatted up  
(Straight Jehovah witness)  
No doubt  
(Islamic)  
No doubt man  
(Me, I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)  
Young Kadafi in this bitch, set it off nigga.  
What?

[Kadafi:]

I do my shootings on a knob, prayin' to God for my squad  
Stuck in a nightmare, hopin' he might care  
Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my cards  
Like I'm jailin', shots hittin' up my spot like midnight rains hailin'  
Got me bailin' to stash more greenGods; they ain't tryin' to be trapped  
On no block slangin' no rocks like bean pies  
Brainstorm on the beginnin'  
Wonder how shit like the Qu'ran and the Bible was written  
What is religion?  
God's words or a curse like crack?  
Shai-tan's way of gettin' us back  
Or just another one of my Black Jesus' traps

[Storm:]

Who's got the heart to stand beside me?  
I feel my enemies creepin' up in silence  
Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me  
Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus  
Give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell  
Cause I swear, they tryin' to break my well  
I'm on the edge lookin' down at this volatile pit  
Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail  
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail  
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops  
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus  
He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus

[Young Noble:]

Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion  
Rebellin' against the system, commence to lynchin'

The President ain't even listenin' to the pain of the youth  
We make music for eternity, forever the truth  
Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin' us  
Ride or die, for life they sentence us  
Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn  
Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm  
Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic  
Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets  
History repeats itself, nuttin new  
In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true  
Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated  
An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded  
Made for terror, major league niggas pray together  
Bitches in they grave while my real niggas play together  
We die clutchin' glasses, filled with liquor bomblastic  
Cremated, last wishes niggas smoke my ashes  
High sigh why die wishin', hopin' for possibilities  
I'll mob on, while they copy me sloppily  
Cops patrol projects, hatin' the people livin' in them  
I was born an inmate, waitin' to escape the prison  
Went to church but don't understand it, they underhanded  
God gave me these commandments, the world is scandalous  
Blast 'til they holy high; baptize they evil minds  
Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick  
Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?  
Bitches freeze facin' Black Jesus

[2Pac:]

All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail  
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail  
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops  
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through  
Black Jesus

[Kastro:]

Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon' fail  
And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell  
Trapped, black, scarred and barred  
Searchin' for truth, where it's hard to find God  
I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer  
Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes  
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me  
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties  
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets  
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me  
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns  
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums  
This ain't livin'... Jesus

[Background overlapped singing:]

We believed in you  
Everything you do  
Just wanna let you know, how we feel

Black Jesus!  
We believed in you  
Everything you do  
Just wanna let you know, how we feel  
Black Jesus!  
We believed in you  
Everything you do  
Just wanna let you know, how we feel  
Black Jesus!

[Kastro:]  
Searchin' for Black Jesus  
It's hard, it's hard  
We need help out here  
So we searchin' for Black Jesus  
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us through  
Somebody that understand our pain  
You know maybe not too perfect, you know  
Somebody that hurt like we hurt  
Somebody that smoke like we smoke  
Drink like we drink  
That understand where we comin' from  
That's who we pray to  
We need help y'all

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Homeboyz"

[2Pac:]

Oh shit, caught that nigga alone. Ain't that a bitch?

Hey, uh, this one here is, uh for them niggas that be Johnny Dangerous when they be fuckin' 50 deep

But they be fuckin' cowards when they by theyselves

You know who I'm talkin' about

You know who I'm talkin' about, that's right

You ain't shit without your homeboys

You ain't shit without your homeboys

You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]

Now, everytime I see you cats is rollin' in packs

For the life of me I cannot see why you don't know how to act

Love to clown when you deep, but when you on that solo creep out on the streets you don't hear a peep

Nigga, it's a God damn shame, somebody explain

Why they sent a Bad Boy to play a grown man's game?

Tear that ass out the frame, completely get that ass kicked

Woke up on the street, but you'll be sleepin' in the casket

How long will it last? Nigga, don't ask, just be first to blast

Outlaw on the mash, tryin' to be the first to see some cash

My shit's classic, like my nigga Nate

Go get the tape, we keep the nation anticipatin' until we break

Money made me evil, court cases got me stressed

Niggas aimin' at my head, but I still wear my vest

I don't give a fuck, motherfuckers, I'm loc

They all duckin' when my gun smoke

You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]

You probably run at the sound of funk

I give a fuck, you niggas is punks

Without your homeboys you be the first to reach in your trunk

You scary niggas is punks

You ain't shit without your homeboys, nigga

(Punk ass.. that's right motherfucker)

You ain't shit without your homeboys

(Throw your hands up you little trick)

(a squared.. coward motherfucker)

[Young Noble:]

Like Yak said, how the fuck you gonna shoot me rocks?

When you got the Outlaw Pac shittin' your box

You was lookin' real weak walkin' down the street

Now a nigga 30 deep, oh, you wanna beef?

Talk cheap, shoot a nigga the fair one

Your homies like fuck it – what's this? You the only scared one

Damn, son, close call I bet

Now down around the way you gets no respect

They like that Outlaw nigga played you out

We could have took it to the fists, I would have laid you out

Niggas be actin' all different when they dogs come around  
Watch 'em act like bitches when Outlawz draw down  
They all clown, better yet they all stunned  
You the type to have a gun and never blazed it once  
Get y'all banana split, you ain't Emmanuel  
Outlawz you'll never forget, Makaveli the Don get a call y'all  
Turnin these streets into Vietnam  
Where your homeboys?

[2Pac:]

You ain't shit without your homeboys  
My thug niggas, I love niggas  
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers (without your homboys)  
The only thing a nigga got left  
I love my niggas to death, we ain't shit without our homeboys  
(You know what time it is)  
I ain't shit without my homeboys  
(Hey, tell 'em the story how you came up, nigga)

[2Pac:]

Now, I was born alone, took my first joint and I got high alone  
Now I'm an Outlaw nigga, I never die alone  
Me and my niggas is so close, it's complicated  
One nigga smokin' and drinkin', and yet we all faded  
My nigga Edi had a son, we all happy  
Cause now that little ridah got to deal with eight daddies  
My niggas cry, we all cry, and all ride  
To rectify the problem, motherfuckers, they all die  
Been tryin' to make a million by hustlin since my adolescence  
From crack dealin' to rap villain, my new profession  
Who wanna see me at eight deep, fuck 3D  
You coward ass motherfuckers'll never see me  
Bustin' with automatic straps, my raw raps like good crack  
Niggas fiendin', I got 'em comin' back. Until I die, they label me as a ridah forever, my niggas be together

Ain't shit without your homeboys  
Thug niggas, I love niggas  
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers  
Without your homeboys  
The only thing a nigga got left  
I love my niggas to death  
We ain't shit without our homeboys  
(without our homeboys)  
Love my niggas to death  
I ain't shit without our homeboys  
Love you niggas to death  
We ain't shit without our homeboys

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "Hell 4 A Hustler"

Get on yo knees nigga, get on yo knees and pray

[2Pac:]

Increase the doses, bust on whoever closest  
Thug livin', hell of prison, never losin' my focus  
I'm makin' money moves mandatory, end of discussion  
My past records tell a story, picture niggas with rushin'  
And still bustin', 'til the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings  
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain  
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legitly  
So I laugh til I'm cryin', when the Lord come get me  
No baby momma drama, nigga missed me  
Why plant seeds in a dirty bitch waitin' to trick me  
Not the life for me, livin' carefree 'til I'm buried  
And if they dare me, I'll bust on them niggas, and until they scurry  
I'm clearly a man of military means, to my artillery  
Watchin' over me through every murder scene  
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die  
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry  
And still, we try to change the past in vain  
Never knowin' if this game will last, feelin' the shame  
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin' my soul  
Got tired of small time livin' nigga tellin' me no  
I got mine, fuck them other suckas  
That's the mentality, jealous ass bustas make it hell for a hustler

[2Pac & Yaki Kadaifi:]

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)  
Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[Edi Mean:]

Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious  
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness  
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler  
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster  
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in  
One's five's and ten's was funny money  
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'  
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough  
What you thought? "all" is for lost homies in plenty battles  
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you  
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggas is outta here  
In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us here

[Young Noble:]

Yo, to e'ry step I take, e'ry sell I make  
E'ry jail I break, e'ry mill' I ate  
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest  
On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant  
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke  
Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'  
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words  
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz  
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son  
Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns  
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya  
Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)  
Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

No insanity plea from me, I ride the beef 'til I burn  
Censor me and bar your kids from the lessons I learned  
And in turn I'm hostile, guess you can recall me antisocial  
Niggas shakin' like they caught the Holy Ghost when I approach  
Try to politic before I smoke 'em, like Sun Tzu  
Niggas do unto these snitches, before it's done to you  
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening  
Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the morning  
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug  
Tell me will my niggas mourn me? Gettin' blowed out  
High watch me murder the bird before he testify  
Strikes walkin' close to my third, I live a troubled life  
And if you dream, be a part of my team from Long Beach to Queens  
Drug dealers to ex-fiends  
Keep yo eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustas  
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell for a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)  
Lord, help me change my ways  
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)  
It ain't me, I was raised this way  
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]

This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die  
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side  
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild 'til they all die  
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die  
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side

In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw  
Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this  
Weary weary weary aight, only God can save us

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.  
Thanks to hihohelda for correcting these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "High Speed"

[E.D.I. Amin:]

High speed

For all my niggas livin' in the rush

Slow it down just a notch baby

It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

[2Pac (E.D.I. Amin):]

Life at high speed, life at high speed

Fuck the punishment, Thai weed

(Buy me a gun), liquor and puffin' Thai weed

[2Pac:]

I live life High Speed

Slightly disillusioned by weed

I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me

When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly

Harm me, my army

Niggas decease swiftly

Look at you now, why you wanna act out?

I pull the hammer back

Strike wit' a cannon that'll blow yo muthafuckin' back out

They blast but I'm still standin'

Slightly scarred

Deep questions for the lord "Why he don't like me, god?"

So, though my life was hard with no remorse

I absorb all lessons, provide protection for the boss

Rollin' in my double R, rugged and ruthless

Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's useless

And my crew, we crooked, be mistaken for Jewels

We all about our cash, blast if you break the rules

Fools turned snitch for the D.A., be heaven-sent

Switched like a stone-bitch, turned state's evidence, why?

Then they wonder why niggas die

Put your family in danger, just to get high

Now, what the hell can we get from jail?

More tricks for the crime trade, this is hell

Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jailhouse

Open your safe count and take all the mail out

Whatever happens happens

Whoever falls dies

We fresh out of time, livin' blind, so we all ride

In times like these, chronic or Thai weed

Puffin' through this high speed

And people say...

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?

I'm gonna buy me a gun

Then what's next?

Food and sex, house parties in the projects

We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

[*Yaki Kadaifi:*]  
Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'  
Hot plastic stretch your chest plate back like elastic  
No need to push me to split ya  
I love beef, like pussy and pistols  
For all you pussies that's softer than tissue  
I ride by like the fall guy out the roof  
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred proof (yeah)  
Give me the joints low to verdict wit' mine  
Get that ass attacked, murdered, and robbed, blind from behind  
Rapid shots pourin'  
Catchin' niggas while they snorin'  
Kickin' his door in  
I'll leave your whole fuckin' family in mournin'  
Bust me, you itchy-bitchy types can't touch me  
Frontin' like you're hard  
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

[*2Pac:*]  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

[*E.D.I. Amin:*]  
At times, I look through times wit' so much anger  
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin', pushin' me into danger  
No stranger to hard times or the good ones  
At times I'm amazed  
At what the motherfuckin' hoods done  
What we do to get paid  
All day, for the almighty, dollar  
Don't even bother to holla  
We all destined to be swallowed  
By the same thing we lust for  
Threw away our morals and values and dust more  
Niggas is dying tomorrow  
We, bailing on borrowed times  
Nigga the clocks tickin'  
Approachin' is the day you gonna need money or Glocks spittin'  
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't know what  
Soon that money gon' be illegal when you die to  
Keep your dough up

But I ain't goin' tell you "what?" to stop chasin' paper  
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later  
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze  
Let's get blowed out high speed 'til the end of my days  
Now my people say

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night

[2Pac:]

High speeds (we goin' all night)  
Life of an Outlaw, ghetto stars (we goin' all night)  
(Yes) I'm gonna buy me a gun  
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
For my niggas on the West Side and the East Side  
And the NorthSide and the SouthSide  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
From Compton to Jersey  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
Gettin' it real hard  
Niggas in Michigan, (M.O.B nigga, M.O.B)  
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
From St. Louis to Alabama  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
From Mississippi to Oakland, from San Francisco to San Diego  
Seattle to Florida  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
Maine to Mass, haha  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

Food and sex  
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
Then what's next?  
Food and sex, house parties in the projects  
We goin' all night  
High speeds  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(We goin' all night)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
And it don't stop, and it won't quit  
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby!

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Learn about it

Pac you goin' rap?

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Thanks to chris2188 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "The Good Die Young"

[2Pac:]

These some hard times we livin' in  
Churches burnin', planes fallin' from the sky  
Murder, the good die young  
Hahaha, the good definitely die young  
This is a lil' somethin'  
To help you get through the day  
If it could

[2Pac:]

It was more than a tragedy, emotions be grabbin' me  
Plane fell from the sky, we tryna figure what happened  
Burnin' churches, fearin' God, who can be so cruel  
We all ignorant to AIDS 'til it happens to you  
Just be a man, make plans, listen to your voice  
A woman's tryin' to make decisions, we should leave them a choice  
Cause who we to say who lives and die, breathes and stops  
All this judgement on other lives needs to stop  
What are we livin' for, givin' more back than takin'  
On my knees still waitin' for my own salvation  
Now I feel abandoned cause Pat Buchanan say I'm greedy  
You can take my taxes, send me to war but can't feed me  
It's so easy to regret thangs after they done  
Babies catchin' murder cases scared to laugh in the Sun  
The tragedies that we all need, love in doses  
In times like these we feel closest the good die young

Does anybody have an answer why

(it times like these we feel closest)

It seems the good die young (the good die young)

Can anybody tell me why

(rest in peace, god bless the dead, and we carry on huh)

Can anybody tell me why

(the good die young)

Does anybody have an answer why (I ain't Quincy Jones)

It seems the good die young

(the good die young)

Does anybody tell me why

(Now we hear from the future, the next generation, tell me)

Does anybody tell me why

[Napolean:]

Now in my world will it get worse

When I been trapped since birth

But I had to sleep in a hearse, cause it was my bed first

My grands probably burnin' turnin' in they grave

Some folks ain't even get to see a high age

But they did, so I ain't afraid

And this money got me feelin' like a star

And this murder got me feelin' like my death ain't far

And the land of stolen cars, don't get no better  
Don't get no weaker or no harder  
I was raised in a rush without my moms and my, father  
So tell me somethin'  
If I grab my gat and get the dumpin'  
Would God get to lookin' at me funny uhaha  
Rest in peace to my mother Aquillah Beale  
Rest in peace to my father Salek Beale  
Rest in peace to my grandparents  
And thug in peace to my brother Seike  
You know I love you

*[Young Noble:]*

Which is worst, first Storm and then Al  
Pac and then Yak  
Regrey Brown  
Coulda' sworn I seen ya face in a cloud  
Family grievin' on your last breath  
Close to the heart whether you know it or not  
I swear the love won't stop  
Jewel, that's my boo, Mom, Duke and Nu  
From jump you kept it true  
Helped to feed the crew  
The good die young  
Livin' fast jumpin' the gun  
Mama blamin' the community for killin' her son  
My cousin Darren wasn't scared of goin'  
But never knowin' he was dyin' slower  
I guess I see ya when I see ya soulja

Does anybody have an answer why (answer why)  
It seems the good die young  
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why!)  
Can anybody tell me why

*[Kastro:]*

I know my life ain't promised  
That's why the wise move in silence  
Analyze these scandalous times  
It's hard dogg but we managed  
Schools turn to war zones  
Even homes unsafe  
Leavin' children to play caged and raged they hate  
How come!, someone explain "why the good die young"  
Why the bad die slow and outlive everyone  
It's time somethin' is done  
For our young kids  
They growin' hopeless  
That ain't the way to live  
Tell me why

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

Days go past and as they pass, time move, quicker  
No time for wastin', put your hustle down my young dealers  
Cause the end is nearer  
But at least that's what they tellin' me

Hell, all I know brothers ain't ridin' 4-3 felony's

It's time to plan, plot, and strategize

Capitalize, mobilize

We in the war y'all

It's for all y'all

My family to the ones that stand me

Little bit mo' love is what's recommended

Yeah, and it's plain to see (plain to see)

The seeds from you and me

Gon' be the ones to lead us towards unity

That's if we treat them right

Man, teach them right

Raise your kids better than you was

And see what it does

But if you don't

Man, we sure to be dumb

And we'll all see exactly why the goods die young

(We ain't lyin' man)

Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)

It seems the good die young (tell me why)

Can anybody tell me why

Can anybody tell me why

(the good die young)

Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)

It seems the good die young (die young)

Can anybody tell me why (tell me why)

Can anybody tell me why

(the good die young)

[2Pac:]

I send this out for all my homeboys that passed away

And all yo' homeboys that passed away

I send this out to all the former fallen soldiers

That's in the cemeteries buried

Never got to see they dreams

For everything I touch you touch

For every step I take you take

For every breath I breathe you breathe

Every dollar I make you make

I told you we'd make it to the sunshine one day

You just got there a little quicker

But like my homeboys Thugs say

I'll catch ya at the crossroads

The good die young

This song is dedicated to all them

Young kids that died innocent

That died young

At Columbine High

Rest in Peace (Oklahoma)

Outlawz

(Lil' yummy Sandifer

Tasha Harlins, all them

All the fallen kids

The dead babies

The closed caskets)

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell,  
Young Val

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Killuminati"

[2Pac:]

Makaveli the Don, break on 'em!  
Ah put ya, ah put ya hands on ya, hands on ya heater  
Hands on ya, hands on ya heater, hands on ya, hand...

[2Pac:]

Let it be prophesized; niggas'll die because your crew's goon  
Around the way niggas get murdered by the full moon  
Heard it in whispered tones  
Niggas is bold and they choose to roll  
I kill 'em all, watch now, nigga, truth be told  
Westside was the war cry, look how they scatter  
Niggas dyin' by my 30-yard, brains'll splatter  
Wonder why these niggas cross me, I'm certified crazy  
So sick the world made me  
Now diggy-die, every time I ride is for reasons  
Hard to kill a nigga cause I'm comin' back like Jesus  
Bow down to my ill nation, runnin' from drug cases  
Lookin' at my congregation so full of thug faces  
Momma gave a nigga breath, a life of stress  
I invest in a vest and makin' niggas watch they every step  
Label me a threat and I ain't even got started with this shit yet  
Thug style, baby, hands on my pistol, listen  
I'm a ridah, every nigga breathin' pay attention  
'Bout to show you motherfuckers how it feel to drop a body  
A simple glimpse of my lifestyle, Killuminati...

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]

(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]

After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain  
Even though we broke for the moment, we'll be ballin' again  
'Til I make it, yo, my military be prepared for them bustaz  
Similar to bitches too scary, get too near me, we rushin'  
Visions of over-packed prisons, millions of niggas thug livin'  
Pressures and three strikes, I hope they don't test us  
They pull the heat out, ammunition in crates  
Psssh! Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place

They got me fiendin' for currency, the money be callin'  
It's like I'm - dreamin', seein' scenes of me ballin'  
Participated in felonious behavior  
Cock the cocked 45, snatchin' niggas pagers  
Labeled a mark soon as we start, it was hard to quit  
We started out drinkin' 40's, moved to harder shit  
God damn, now I'm a grown man, I follow no man  
Nigga got my own plan, and it's called Killuminati

*[(Kastro) 2Pac:]*  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
Killuminati  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

*[E.D.I. Amin:]*  
I spend most of my time bankin', niggas  
Because they hate a nigga, comin' across fake niggas  
But we made niggas, old school and I'm thinkin'  
Y'all some bitch made niggas and you steadily sinkin'  
O-U-T, L-A-W-Z, ain't nothing fuckin' with that  
We bustin' back, comin' back for the stacks  
Laugh last, cash cash, all I want is the paper  
Givin' them fuckers tool whips, I rule haters  
Y'all can't fade us, we kill, steal and peal quickly  
The boss niggas, definitely, put it down strictly  
E.D.I. Amin, until the law come for me  
Kill 'em all for shorty, '99 Killuminati

*[Kadafi:]*  
They got me thinkin' strugglin' and hustling's my only fate  
Toppin' grams on the kitchen plate  
Tryin' to keep that money straight  
Times is rolling three up these streets sleep  
But when I crack, hammer cocked back, rapped in my sheets  
My life's been crossed, crooked since a seed  
It hurts, got a package from the devil, payin' my deeds  
Preoccupied by the greed in this crooked life I lead  
More funds to spend or bigger guns to squeeze  
Me and my thugs clock G's, sippin' naughty thangs  
Real as these tats on my body, and it's Killuminati

*[(Kastro) 2Pac:]*  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!

(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)  
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)  
Hold it down!  
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]

(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
(Makaveli up in this bitch, worldwide mash, Westside  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
The question we ask, do you know what time it is?  
You know what type of shit we be  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
You want that hip-hop real, it's that hip-hop that's real  
Hold it down, hold it down! Hip-hop that's worldwide, feel?  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
Fuck with me, nigga, you get killed!  
It don't get no realer than this  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
What's my motherfuckin' name, nigga?  
My niggas, we all bad  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
What's my muh'fuckin name, nigga?  
What's my muh'fuckin name?  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
Outlawz in this bitch, Death Row at its finest  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)  
Repeat! Death Row at it's finest  
Nigga, you know what time it is  
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)... Outlawz...

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Cosmo Hickox, The Outlawz

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Teardrops And Closed Caskets"

(feat. Val Young)

(hahhh, hahaha) Hehehe, word

It's like all we got left – teardrops and closed caskets

(Throw it up, fool! Hey, nigga, haha)

Tell me how you feel, homie

[2Pac (Outlawz):]

(Yeah, it took a week to go down)

You recollects and see how crazy it sounds

The whole town's on a mission, adolescents (Penitentiary bound)

(Now introducin' Young Trigga)

Since birth, eyes set on gettin' bigger

Just another wild-ass nigga

(But he was fiendin' for Precious) WHAT?

(But Precious was a ghetto girl)

Couldn't be no sex without that gold Lexus

(But Lil' Trigga was heartbroken, he had to get his papers)

Seein' visions of people smokin' and niggas catchin' vapors

Got his man from around the corner (we call him Lil' Mo)

(Been in so many reform schools they had to let him go)

(Here's where the plot thickens)

They got a plot to make a profit with they Glocks spittin'

(They call the squad, hittin' blocks with they guns blowin')

(Somebody's gonna die tonight)

Still no one's knowin' so they kept goin'

Catchin' dealers comin' out they cars

(Will they survive? Two semi-automatic 9's)

(them niggas died)

(Plus nobody in the hood cries)

(It's like they celebrate to death and wish they could die)

So peep the lesson, but wait a minute, back to Precious

She's snortin' dope in the back seat of Trigga's Lexus

Teardrops and closed caskets

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)..

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[2Pac (Outlawz):]

(Don't let these ghetto streets get you), Precious

(was the victim, from a dime to a nickel)

Hopping God's blessings stick with ya

Picture the neighborhood kingpin, who's gettin' bigger

Familiar face, but a man now, it's Lil' Trigga

Now Lil' Mo was a soldier to the fullest

Down for his homies, always the first to spit bullets

(All he wanted was to be a thug)

(Never pictured his truest homeboy would fall in love)

(Here's where it gets ya)

Now Precious is pregnant, Lil' Trigga is happy

He wants to marry her now (not knowin' he ain't the daddy)

But Precious was lonely, while Lil' Trigga was makin' dough

(She's slippin' in secret places and gettin' with Lil' Mo)

The neighborhood's buzzin', now people are talkin'

Lil' Trigga's gettin' pictures of the both of 'em walkin'

(Hand in hand, couldn't understand)

How his baby's mama could disappear with another man (and his best friend)

Now jealousy's dangerous, and if you don't believe me

Then watch the way that this story ends and maybe you'll see

There ain't no heroes or villains, ain't no pleasure in killin'

Just the smoke from the cap peelin', a man with no feelings

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]*

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

(Bury you dead and look ahead)

(a man with no feelings)

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I... forever be... alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

*[Outlawz:]*

Now with the problems of poverty and the tricks to these tales

How many people'll die? How many'll live to tell?

Although best friends before, Lil' Trigga and Mo

They in an all out war, over a fiend they ain't know

Behind the curtains their privacy lust is already laid down

The results is the same with different names and it turns out

*[2Pac:]*

Y'all know how it is, same old thing in the same old town

Lil' Trigg got his nose wide open on this one trick

Now he's played out

*[2Pac (Outlawz):]*

Think it's Lil' Mo (was plottin' plans on gettin' bigger)

(Precious was his way to put his hands on Lil' Trigga)

All the while let's look at Precious, too dumb to see what's goin' down (too doped up to ask questions)

Used to be comrades (but now we blast on sight)

What could be so bad? (God, will we last tonight?)

From misdemeanors to felonies, small-time to sellin' ki's

I can't believe the shit they tellin' me

They opened fire, three bodies dropped, so call the cops

(Precious, Lil' Mo and Trigg – teardrops and closed caskets)

*[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]*

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

[2Pac:]

Aye, QDIII in this motherfucker

We dedicate this to all the fallen comrades (that's right)

All the homies that didn't make it to see this day

(rest in peace)

Yaknahmean? I know it's hard out there, heheh

With teardrops and closed caskets

It's like that's all we got to look forward to these days

Murders, brothers dyin', funerals

Shit, it's like I done ran out of suits, homie

I done ran out of tears

Know we gon' have to do something y'all

We gon' have to do something

'Cause I know all these mothers is tired of seeing the same thing (rest in peace)

I send this out to Mutulu and Geronimo

And to all the fallen comrades, all the soldiers

(to the homie Boonie, rest in peace, nigga)

All the homies that fell, all the homies

May God bless your families

May you always live in the motherfuckin' heart

In a thug nigga's heart forever (that's right)

Rest in peace, nigga

May your enemies be deceased, dead on the streets

We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "Tattoo Tears"

[2Pac:]

Live back at 'cha Westside baby

Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now

You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggas know what time it is

(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that

Rhyming and stealing, selling five million

(Outlaw... ninety-nine)

Fresh out on bail, niggas still can't see me

(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)

That's how it is

Now we got a new motherfuckin' plan, and a new mission

(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)

Competition, so they say, these niggas is gay

(Outlaw - Outlaw)

Blast me? It could never happen

At least not while I'm walking and rapping

Heard of some niggas on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me

(Throw ya hands up, hands up)

They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click

(Throw ya motherfuckin' hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I

Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handling stress in this shit for years

Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy

Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me

I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes

My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through

But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll

Never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets

Even on the other side brothers die, but ride

Niggas get high off a slow form of suicide

Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties

I live my life to fucking mo', expound tragically

How can we find some peace and niggas still ain't get a piece

I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat

I'm seeing Satin infiltrating; my military mind

Make me hustle all the time, go out for cash making

Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through

To become a man, we shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac + Young Noble:]

I said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handle stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
    Said many times busters still can't see  
    Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
    Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
    Said many times busters still can't see  
    Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handling stress in this shit for years  
    Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac:] Thugged out baby!

[Young Noble:]  
We don't shed tears we shed blood  
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?  
    We don't shed tears we shed blood  
    Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinking made me crave Abe Lincolns  
The days I spent stinking caught victims on the weekends  
    Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me  
        Blast for me, the task after me  
        For a few years shedding tattooed tears  
Like Gram' Sammy, we feuding for the whole damn family  
    We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time  
        Outlawz locked down for some past crimes  
        Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller  
        Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

[Napoleon:]  
Nigga it's like this  
    I been thuggin just for the cause of it  
    Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit  
        And it's all for the pressure  
        That'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser  
        Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya  
        Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson  
        Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggas flexing  
        Po-po's guessing if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by  
        Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye  
        Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die  
        So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life  
        For the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin  
            Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
    Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[Kadafi:]

Shit... ain't no unity in my community it's do or die  
Seein' my opportunities through these bars of hell while getting high  
As life replays like time; underhanded schemes  
To get that cream and thangs while living this life of crime  
My enemies want me squeezed  
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees  
Please beware we thugs revolution size  
Criminals dare be last mental me institutionalize  
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now  
Holding down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

[Kastro:]

Yo I been losing sleep, stay awake way past late  
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne  
As I lay here gatted down and tatted  
Knowing now it's hard to slow down for a addict  
It's been years of struggling, guzzling beers  
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air  
And I suffer my shit in hell, talking to the heavens  
Walking through the valley of death with my fellas  
I lost a lot, starting with hope I tried  
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried  
I'm through with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain  
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain  
I'mma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear  
Ain't nothing to fear, crying these tattooed tears  
Come on...

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I  
Said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been handling stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Fula Yafeu A, Ayers Roy

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "U Can Be Touched"

*[Napoleon talking:]*

Life... What the fuck is life for niggas like us?  
Been wakin' up to another muthafuckin' day  
I'm the type of soldier  
A nigga that seen everything in my mothafuckin' eyes  
I seen my parents get killed to my mothafuckin' eyes  
I seen my brother kill himself in my eyes  
I seen 'Pac, Yak die in the struggle in my eyes  
So I know anybody can be touched, you know what I mean?

*[Napoleon:]*

Oh God, forgive me, somebody please say a prayer for me  
Needed my parents, but they was never there for me  
Believe in everything they feed me, I'm seein' demons  
I wake up screamin', who believe me or was I dreamin'?  
Five fingers on the .45 chrome  
Dead aim at my brain, infrared with no lights on  
I ain't afraid to die, I want to see what's after this  
I'm livin' blind, writin' rhymes 'til they capture this  
And if we die, let the world understand why  
Soldier my eyes, hate to see a young thug cry  
They seein' us inside a casket, that's how they see us  
Oh God, forgive us ghetto bastards, we human beings  
They leavin' us inside this hell-hole  
Just waitin' to fail, so then they tell us that's what jail fo'  
Adolescent young teens turned violent  
It's floatin', in a world turned silent, cuz you could be touched

*[2Pac:]*

Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched  
Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

*[E.D.I.:]*

I live life high speed, movin' a million miles per hour  
Towards my destiny, makin' decisions carelessly  
Yeah, it's me, yo' nigga man child  
Bomb first, stand proud, ain't lookin' for hand-outs  
25 years up in this bitch  
And I'll be damned if I ain't leavin' rich and leave my kids a grip  
I let my blood drip off in this thug shit, you can be touched  
I catch you slippin' while I'm on a money mission  
Like right now, 30 dollars to my John Hancock  
Try to get more so my shit don't flock  
I lick off shots for everything they owe me

And when it's my time to go I pray the Lord hold me

[Kastro:]

I was born in the city that never sleeps  
Schooled by the realest of the real niggas that ever breathed  
And I was big when I was young  
And now I see that I was dumb  
My nigga, Lonnie just got hit with 10  
10 years for trustin' a friend, they left him stuck in the Pen'  
I love him, we all here just to die here  
Plus, nobody cares what got here  
Touched by a angel and kissed by the Lord  
Praise the thug ways and I'll never be bored  
Touched, by a angel and kissed by the Lord  
Y'all praise the thug ways, so forever it's on, baby

[2Pac:]

My young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched  
Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[Young Noble:]

Why grieve this life, planted by the fiends and pipes?  
Green lights so I'm seein'-seein' everything twice  
Pretty much of nothin' nice, we suckin' it up  
Even when we get a job, we fuckin' it up  
Like it can't happen to us, I could never be a bum  
Yeah, right, you wound up one  
God forbid I'm touched, y'all keep livin' it up  
Look and learn, next it could be your turn... word

[Kadafi:]

Yes, this a felonies' hobby that got me here, thinkin' robbery  
Day to day all year long, Teflon protects my body  
It's such unimportant in this criminal cartel  
I'm caught and supportin' me  
So in these streets of hockey I play the goalie  
Secrets of war licks, and score shit  
Share between clients and homies  
Remember what Pacino told me  
Before he past, watch them clowns with them crocodile smiles  
Cause they phony, I get that cash, stay lonely  
And I'm point like a thong, and it's survival of the strong  
Livin' outside the laws of this crooked world I was born  
Touched...

[2Pac:]

My young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Young niggas in the wild life  
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life  
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush  
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): J. Jackson, M. Beale, Y. Fula, K. Cox, M. Greenidge, R. Cooper, B. Washington

# 2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

## "Y'all Don't Know Us"

[*Young Noble:*]

Yo, I can see, that you obviously, don't know me  
Or my homies We O-U-T Lawz, fuck the phonies  
A wise hustler once told me  
"It's on you", though in his dreams when he first told me  
Now it's true, I got love for you  
Only to a certain extinct, niggas ain't worth shit  
Cops and ride dick permits  
I heard this and heard that about them O-U-T Lawz  
Some of them soldiers got shot, some of them soldiers fell off  
Fuck y'all now everybody tied to us  
Hollerin' out a nigga name, but never said what up  
That shit critical, despicable, unforgivable  
[?] like I blew yo' own, fan won't remember you  
Thuggin' but we still spiritual, clear lyrical  
I'm like the fuckin' Deff Squad, my ears ain't hearin' y'all  
Pump fearin' y'all, but damn I ain't even wantin' to scare y'all  
Listen to what I tell y'all, fuck the world  
Your baby moms, and your baby girl  
You muthafuckas so fake, yo they made me wanna earl  
Blake, hate snakes thug hatin' the degree  
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate  
Thug niggas

[*Young Noble:*]

We, will never, fall  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers  
And if you believe in that shit that you heard  
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[*Napoleon:*]

Now I've been trapped down, and fucked from day one  
This indestructible style of mine, ain't no fun  
Where I'm from, you sure to see about 10 niggas in a bedroom  
Eatin' off the same spoon, sweepin' with the same broom  
It's hazard, if you don't want yo life, well give me grab it  
I was born inside a love zone, with a Glock-nine young marriage  
It's critical  
Then one of them sat down livin' so mystical  
And influenced with a heart full of anger it's so ridiculous  
So give me some with 21-gun soldier salute  
With a 19-inch black handle snake knife in my boots  
Straight from the strong, thug to your life  
Right into yo' wrong, I'll put the good to yo' evil  
I'm the shells to your chrome, you dig that?  
I'm life, I'll bring the moon to your night  
I'll put the dick to your wife  
And I'm the Jesuz of your Christ  
You dig that? Respect this

I'll bring the end to your claw  
I'll bring the loc to your heart, and I'll put the snoop on yo dogs  
You hear me?  
We follow, this little bullet so hollow  
I can promise that ecstasy ain't promised tomorrow  
With this two man mades, me and my soul death astrayed  
I watch my parents get blowed away  
Now look what it made  
I'm something to face  
This ludacy then with me, then with chemistry  
Got my eyes on you, the first time you cross me  
I'll be fryin' you, cause y'all don't know me

[*Young Noble:*]  
We will never fall  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

[*E.D.I.:*]  
When we was kids, the lovin' felt good  
But of course have the respect, though it's even better  
Now for this chedder, niggas is layin' deader  
Then Malcom and Martin, put together  
Oh Lord only knows, where we'll end up  
Remember  
'Pac said: Watch the fuckin' signs  
But we wasn't listenin', too busy trippin off his shine  
Now one time for my muthafuckin' Outlawz  
Napoleon, Noble, and Kastro, may we all roll  
And if you don't know, we got the rap game petro  
Scared cause we 'bout to release, like heavy metal  
Nationwide, underground, we runnin' the ghettos  
Stealin' all of ya fan base, like we kleptos  
Bitch I can't let go  
I been strugglin' too long, thuggin' too long  
And niggas is stealin' my shit, and bustin' it wrong  
Hot shots holla back, when you get 'em  
Outlawz'll sic 'em, bustin' back at the system  
Military wisdom, preparin' myself for Armageddon  
Breakin' my balls at this game, knowin' it's a dead end  
And my only weapon is my believe that I'm superior  
Yeah, we the muthafuckas you niggas is liery off  
Controlling my steam, knowin' my team, to serve more  
Fuck the reframe, stick to the game and earn more  
Holdin' my head, rollin' the head with focus  
Laughin' inside, cause deep inside, y'all don't know us

[*Young Noble:*]  
We will never fall  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers  
And if you believe in that shit that you heard  
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us  
We will never fall (Never)  
Through it all, we'll always stand tall  
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

And if you believe in that shit that you heard  
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

*[E.D.I. talking:]*  
Ain't never know niggas like us boy  
They don't make niggas like us no more  
Thug in Peace... to all my niggas (Never)  
See ya soon... uh

Thanks to josh\_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah W Beale, Rufus Lee Cooper, Malcolm Greenidge, Kamil Beale, Muntaqim Farid